

Frontispiece



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Frontispiece



J. Taylor del. et sculp.

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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN LANGHORNE. *K*

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

Et vos, O Lauri, carpam; et te, proxima Myrte!

Sic positæ, quoniam suaves miscetis odores.

VIRG.

LONDON:

Printed for T. BECKET and P. A. DE HONDT,
near Surry-Street, in the Strand.

MDCCLXVI.



TO THE HONOURABLE
CHARLES YORKE.

A Muse that lov'd in Nature's walks to stray,
And gather'd many a wild flower in her way,
To Nature's friend her genuine gifts would bring,
The light amusements of Life's vacant spring;
Nor shalt thou, Yorke, her humble offering blame,
If pure her incense, and unmixt her flame.
She pours no flattery into Folly's ear,
No shameless hireling of a shameless Peer,
The friends of Pope indulge her native lays,
And GLOUCESTER joins with LYTTLETON to praise.

DEDICATION.

Each judge of art her strain, tho' artless, loves;
And SHENSTONE smil'd, and polish'd HURD approves,
O may such spirits long protect my page,
Surviving lights of Wit's departed age!
Long may I in their kind opinion live!
All meaner praise, all envy I forgive——

Yet fairly be my future laurels won!
Nor let me bear a bribe to Hardwicke's son!
Should his free suffrage own the favour'd strain,
Tho' vain the toil, the glory were not vain——

SON-

S O N N E T

To Mr. LANGHORNE.

By JOHN SCOTT, Esq;

LANGHORNE, unknown to me (sequester'd
swain !)

Save by the MUSE's soul-enchanting lay,

To kindred spirits never sung in vain,

Accept the Tribute of this light essay ;

Due for thy sweet songs that amus'd my day !

Where Fancy held her visionary reign,

Or SCOTLAND's honours claim'd the pastoral strain,

Or MUSIC came o'er HANDEL tears to pay :

For all thy Irwan's flow'ry banks display,

Thy Persian Lover and his Indian Fair ;

All THEODOSIUS' mournful lines convey,

Where Pride and Av'rice part a matchless pair ;

Receive just praise and wreaths that ne'er decay,

By FAME and VIRTUE twin'd for thee to wear.

AMWELL, near WARE,

16 March 1766.

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PROEMIUM.

WRITTEN IN MDCCLXVI.

IN *Eden's* * vale, where early fancy wrought
Her wild embroidery on the ground of thought,
Where *Pembroke's* † grottos, strew'd with *Sidney's* bays,
Recall'd the dreams of visionary days,
Thus the fond Muse, that sooth'd my vacant youth,
Prophetic sung, and what she sung was truth.

* The River Eden, in Westmorland.

† The Countess of Pembroke, to whom Sir Philip Sidney
dedicated his *Arcadia*, resided at Appleby, a small but beautiful town in Westmorland situated upon the Eden.

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Box,

" Boy, break thy lyre, and cast thy reed away ;
 Vain are the honours of the fruitless bay.
 Tho' with each charm thy polish'd lay should please,
 Glow into strength, yet soften into ease ;
 Should *Attic* fancy brighten every line,
 And all *Aonia's* harmony be thine ;
 Say would thy cares a grateful age repay ?
 Fame wreath thy brows, or Fortune gild thy way ?
 Ev'n her own fools, if Fortune smile, shall blame ;
 And Envy lurks beneath the flowers of Fame.

Yet, if resolv'd, secure of future praise,
 To tune sweet songs, and live melodious days,
 Let not the hand, that decks my holy shrine,
 Round Folly's head the blasted laurel twine.
 Just to thyself, dishonest grandeur scorn ;
 Nor gild the bust of meanness nobly born.
 Let truth, let freedom still thy lays approve !
 Respect my precepts, and retain my love !

HYMN to HOPE.

Μνη δ' αὐτοῖς ἙΛΠΙΣ ἐν ἀρχαῖσι δομοῖσι
Εὐδοῖ ἐμμενε

HES.

WRITTEN IN MDCCLXI.

HYMN to HOPE.

I.

SUN of the soul ! whose chearful ray
 Darts o'er this gloom of life a smile ;
 Sweet HOPE, yet further gild my way,
 Yet light my weary steps awhile,
 Till thy fair lamp dissolve in endless day.

II.

O come with such an eye and mien,
 As when by amorous shepherd seen ;
 While in the violet-breathing vale
 He meditates his evening tale !
 Nor leave behind thy fairy train,
 REPOSE, BELIEF, and FANCY vain ;

That towering on her wing sublime,
 Outstrips the lazy flight of time,
 Riots on distant days with thee,
 And opens all futurity.

III.

O come! and to my pensive eye
 Thy far-foreseeing tube apply,
 Whose kind deception steals us o'er
 The gloomy waste that lies before;
 Still opening to the distant sight
 The sunshine of the mountain's height;
 Where scenes of fairer aspect rise,
 Elysian groves, and azure skies.

IV.

Nor, gentle HOPE, forget to bring
 The Family of YOUTH and SPRING;
 The HOURS that glide in sprightly round,
 The MOUNTAIN-NYMPHS with wild thyme crown'd;

DELIGHT

DELIGHT that dwells with raptur'd eye
 On stream, or flower, or field or sky :
 And foremost in thy train advance
 The LOVES and JOYS in jovial dance ;
 Nor last be EXPECTATION seen,
 That wears a wreath of ever-green.

V.

Attended thus by BELEAU's streams,
 Oft hast thou sooth'd my waking dreams,
 When, prone beneath an osier shade,
 At large my vacant limbs were laid ;
 To thee and FANCY all resign'd,
 What visions wander'd o'er my mind !
 Illusions dear, adieu ! no more
 Shall I your fairy haunts explore ;
 For HOPE withholds her golden ray,
 And FANCY's colours faint away.
 To EDEN's shores, to ENON's groves,
 Resounding once with DELIA's loves,

Adieu! that name shall sound no more
 O'er ENON's groves or EDEN's shore:
 For HOPE withholds her golden Ray,
 And FANCY's colours faint away.

VI.

Life's ocean slept,—the liquid gale
 Gently mov'd the waving sail.
 Fallacious HOPE! with flattering eye
 You smil'd to see the streamers fly.
 The Thunder bursts, the mad wind raves,
 From Slumber wake the 'frighted waves:
 You saw me, fled me thus distressed,
 And tore your anchor from my breast.

VII.

Yet come, fair fugitive, again!
 I love thee still, though false and vain.
 Forgive me, gentle Hope, and tell
 Where, far from me, you deign to dwell.

To

To soothe AMBITION's wild desires;
 To feed the lover's eager fires;
 To swell the miser's mouldy store;
 To gild the dreaming chymist's ore;
 Are these thy cares? or more humane,
 To loose the war-worn captive's chain,
 And bring before his languid sight
 The charms of liberty and light;
 The tears of drooping GRIEF to dry;
 And hold thy glass to SORROW's eye?

VIII.

Or do'st thou more delight to dwell
 With SILENCE in the hermit's cell?
 To teach DEVOTION's flame to rise,
 And wing her vespers to the skies;
 To urge, with still returning care,
 The holy violence of prayer;

In rapt'rous visions to display
 The realms of everlasting day,
 And snatch from TIME the golden key,
 That opens all Eternity?

IX.

Perchance, on some unpeopled strand,
 Whose rocks the raging tide withstand,
 Thy soothing smile, in deserts drear,
 A lonely mariner may hear,
 Who bravely holds his feeble breath,
 Attack'd by FAMINE, PAIN and DEATH.
 With thee, he bears each tedious day
 Along the dreary beach to stray:
 Whence their wide way his toil'd eyes strain
 O'er the blue bosom of the main;
 And meet, where distant surges rave,
 A white sail in each foaming wave.

X.

Doom'd from each native joy to part,
 Each dear connection of the heart,
 You the poor exile's steps attend,
 The only undeferting friend.
 You wing the flow-declining year;
 You dry the solitary tear;
 And oft, with pious guile, restore
 Those scenes he must behold no more.

XI.

O most ador'd of earth or skies!
 To thee ten thousand temples rise;
 By age retain'd, by youth carest,
 The same dear idol of the breast.
 Depriv'd of thee, the wretch were poor,
 That rolls in heaps of Lydian ore:
 With thee the simple hind is gay,
 Whose toil supports the passing day.

The

XII.

The rose-lip'd Loves that, round their queen,
 Dance o'er CYTHERA's smiling green,
 Thy aid implore, thy power display
 In many a sweetly-warbled lay.
 For ever in thy sacred shrine,
 Their unextinguish'd torches shine;
 Idalian flowers their sweets diffuse,
 And myrtles shed their balmy dews.
 Ah ; still propitious, may'st thou deign
 To soothe an anxious lover's pain !
 By thee deserted, well I know,
 His heart would feel no common woe.
 His gentle prayer propitious hear,
 And stop the frequent-falling tear.

XIII.

For me, fair HOPE, if once again
 Perchance, to smile on me you deign,

Be such your sweetly-rural air,
 And such a graceful visage wear,
 As when, with TRUTH and young DESIRE,
 You wak'd the lord of HAGLEY's lyre;
 And painted to her Poet's mind,
 The charms of LUCY, fair and kind.

XIV.

But ah! too early lost!—then go,
 Vain Hope, thou harbinger of woe.
 Ah! no;—that thought distracts my heart:
 Indulge me, HOPE, we must not part.
 Direct the future as you please;
 But give me, give me present ease.

XV.

Sun of the soul! whose chearful ray
 Darts o'er this gloom of life a smile;
 Sweet HOPE, yet further gild my way,
 Yet light my weary steps awhile,
 Till thy fair lamp dissolve in endless day.

1870
The first of the year
was a very dry one
and the crops were
very poor. The
winter was also very
dry and the crops
were very poor.

The second of the year
was a very wet one
and the crops were
very good. The
winter was also very
wet and the crops
were very good.

The third of the year
was a very dry one
and the crops were
very poor. The
winter was also very
dry and the crops
were very poor.

GENIUS and VALOUR:

A PASTORAL POEM.

Written in Honour of a Sister Kingdom.

MDCCLXIII.

GENIUS AND VALOUR:

A PASTORAL POEM.

Written in Honour of a Sister Kingdom.

MDCCLXXIII.

GENIUS and VALOUR.

AMYNTOR, CHORUS OF SHEPHERDS.

WHERE TWEED's fair plains in liberal beauty lie,
 And FLORA laughs beneath a lucid sky;
 Long winding vales where crystal waters lave,
 Where blythe birds warble, and where green woods
 wave,
 A bright-hair'd shepherd, in young beauty's bloom,
 Tun'd his sweet pipe behind the yellow broom.

Free to the gale his waving ringlets lay,
 And his blue eyes diffus'd an azure day.
 Light o'er his limbs a careless robe he flung;
 Health rais'd his heart, and strength his firm nerves strung.

His native plains poetic charms inspir'd,
 Wild scenes, where ancient *Fancy* oft retir'd!

VOL. I.

C

Of

Oft led her faeries to the Shepherd's lay,
By YARROW's banks, or groves of ENDERMAY.

Nor only his those images that rise
Fair to the glance of *Fancy's* plastic eyes;
His Country's love his patriot soul possess'd,
His Country's honour fir'd his filial breast.
Her lofty genius, piercing, bright, and bold,
Her valour witness'd by the world of old,
Witness'd once more by recent heaps of slain
On CANADA's wild hills, and MINDEN's plain,
To sounds sublimer wak'd his pastoral reed——
Peace, Mountain-Echoes! while the strains proceed.

AMYNTOR.

No more of TIVIOR, nor the flowery braes,
Where the blythe Shepherd tunes his lightsome lays;
No more of LEADER's faery-haunted shore,
Of ATHOL's Lawns, and GLEDWOOD-Banks no more

Unheeded

Unheeded smile my Country's native charms,
 Lost in the glory of her arts and arms.
 These, Shepherds, these demand sublimer strains
 Than CLYDE's clear fountains, or than ATHOL's plains.

CHORUS of SHEPHERDS.

Shepherd, to thee sublimer lays belong,
 The force divine of Soul-commanding song.
 These humble Reeds have little learnt to play,
 Save the light airs that chear the pastoral day.
 Of the clear fountain, and the fruitful plain
 We sing, as *Fancy* guides the simple strain.
 If then thy Country's sacred fame demand
 The high-ton'd music of a happier hand——
 Shepherd, to thee sublimer lays belong,
 The force divine of Soul-commanding song.

AMYNTOR.

In spite of Faction's blind, unmanner'd rage,
 Of various fortune and destructive age,

Fair SCOTLAND's honours yet unchang'd are seen,
Her palms still blooming, and her laurels green.

Freed from the confines of her *Gothic* grave,
When her first light reviving *Science* gave,
Alike o'er BRITAIN shone the liberal ray,
From || ENSWITH's mountains to the banks of TAY.

For JAMES * the Muses tun'd their sportive lays,
And bound the Monarch's brow with CHAUCER's bays,
Arch Humour smil'd to hear his mimic strain,
And plausive Laughter thrill'd thro' every vein.

When Taste and Genius form the Royal Mind,
The favour'd arts a happier era find.
By JAMES belov'd the Muses tun'd their lyres
To nobler strains, and breath'd diviner fires.

|| A chain of mountains near Folkestone in Kent.

* James the First, King of Scotland, Author of the famous
old song, entitled *Christ's Kirk on the Green*.

But

But the dark mantle of involving Time
Has veil'd their beauties, and obscur'd their rhyme.

Yet still some pleasing monuments remain,
Some marks of genius in each later reign.
In nervous strains DUNBAR's bold music flows,
And Time yet spares *the Thistle and the Rose* †.

O, while his course the hoary warrior steers
Thro' the long range of life-dissolving years,
Thro' all the evils of each changeful age,
Hate, Envy, Faction, Jealousy, and Rage,
Ne'er may his Scythe these sacred plants divide,
These plants by Heaven in native union tied !
Still may the flower its social sweets disclose,
The hardy Thistle still defend the Rose !

† A poem so called, written in honour of Margaret daughter of Henry VII. on her marriage to James IV. King of Scots. By Mr. William Dunbar.

Hail happy days! appeas'd by MARGARET's charms,
When rival VALOUR sheath'd his fatal arms.
When kindred realms unnatural war suppress,
Nor aim'd their arrows at a sister's breast.

Kind to the Muse is QUIET's genial day;
Her olive loves the foliage of the bay.

With bold DUNBAR arose a numerous choir,
Of rival bards that strung the *Dorian* lyre.
In gentle HENRYSON's § unlabour'd strain
Sweet ARETHUSA's shepherd breath'd again:
Nor shall your tuneful visions be forgot,
Sage BELLENTYNE ||, and fancy-painting SCOTT *.

§ Mr. Robert Henryson, an ingenious pastoral poet.

|| Mr. John Bellentyne, Archdean of Murray, Author of a beautiful allegorical poem, entitled, *Virtue and Vice*.

* Mr. Archibald Scott, in the year 1524, translated the *Vision*, a poem, said to have been written in the year 1360. He was Author of the *Eagle* and the *Redbreast* also, and several other pieces written with uncommon elegance for their day.

But,

But, O my Country ! how shall Memory trace
 Thy bleeding anguish, and thy dire disgrace ?
 Weep o'er the ruins of thy blasted bays,
 Thy glories lost in either CHARLES's days ?
 When thro' thy fields destructive Rapine spread,
 Nor sparing infant's tears, nor hoary head.
 In those dread days the unprotected swain
 Mourn'd on the mountains o'er his wasted plain:
 Nor longer vocal with the Shepherd's lay
 Were YARROW's banks, or groves of ENDERMAY.

CHORUS of SHEPHERDS.

Amyntor, cease ! the painful scene forbear,
 Nor the fond breast of filial duty tear.
 Yet in our eyes our fathers' sorrows flow,
 Yet in our bosoms lives their lasting woe.
 At eve returning from their scanty fold,
 When the long sufferings of their fires they told,

Oft have we sigh'd the piteous tale to hear,
And infant wonder dropt the mimic tear.

AMYNTOR.

Shepherds, no longer need your sorrows flow,
Nor pious duty cherish endless woe.
Yet should *Remembrance*, led by filial Love,
Thro' the dark vale of old Afflictions rove,
The mournful shades of sorrows past explore,
And think of miseries that are no more;
Let those sad scenes that ask the duteous tear,
The kind return of happier days endear.

Hail, ANNA, hail! O may each muse divine
With wreaths eternal grace thy holy shrine!
Grav'd on thy tomb this sacred verse remain,
This verse more sweet than Conquest's sounding strain.
" She bade the rage of hostile nations cease,
" The glorious arbitress of Europe's peace.

She,

She, thro' whose bosom roll'd the vital tide
 Of BRITAIN'S Monarchs in one stream allied,
 Clos'd the long jealousies of different sway,
 And saw united Sister-Realms obey.

Auspicious days ! when Tyranny no more
 Rais'd his red arm, nor drench'd his darts in gore.
 When, long an Exile from his native plain,
 Safe to his fold return'd the weary swain.
 Return'd, and, many a painful summer past,
 Beheld the green bench by his door at last.

Auspicious days ! when Scots, no more oppress'd,
 On their free mountains bar'd the fearless breast.
 With pleasure saw their flocks unbounded feed,
 And tun'd to strains of ancient joy the reed.

Then, Shepherds, did your wondering fires behold
 A form divine, whose vesture flam'd with gold ;

His

His radiant eyes a starry lustre shed,
 And solar glories beam'd around his head.
 Like that strange power by fabling poets feign'd,
 From East to West his mighty arms he strain'd.
 A rooted olive in one hand he bore,
 In one a globe, inscrib'd with sea and shore.
 From THAMES's banks to TWEED, to TAY he came,
 Wealth in his rear, and COMMERCE was his name.

Glad INDUSTRY the glorious stranger hails,
 Rears the tall masts, and spreads the swelling sails;
 Regions remote with active hope explores,
 Wild ZEMBLA's hills, and AFRIC's burning shores,

But chief, COLUMBUS, of thy various coast,
 Child of *the Union*, COMMERCE bears his boast.
 To seek thy new-found worlds, the vent'rous swain,
 His last forsaking, left the lowland plain.

Aside

Aside his crook, his idle pipe he threw,
And bade to Music, and to Love adieu.

Hence, GLASGOW fair, thy wealth-diffusing hand,
Thy groves of vessels, and thy crowded strand.
Hence, round his folds the moorland Shepherd spies
New social towns, and happy hamlets rise.

But me not splendor, nor the hopes of gain
Should ever tempt to quit the peaceful plain.
Shall I, possess of all that life requires,
With tutor'd hopes, and limited desires,
Change these sweet fields, these native scenes of ease,
For climes uncertain, and uncertain seas?

Nor yet, fair COMMERCE, do I thee disdain,
Tho' Guilt and Death and Riot swell thy train.
Chear'd by the influence of thy gladdening ray,
The liberal arts sublimer works essay.

Genius

Genius for thee relumes his sacred fires,
And *Science* nearer to her heaven aspires.

The fanguine eye of Tyranny long clos'd,
By Commerce foster'd, and in Peace repos'd,
No more her miseries when my Country mourn'd,
With brighter flames her glowing genius burn'd.
Soon wandering fearless many a muse was seen
O'er the dun mountain, and the wild wood green.
Soon, to the warblings of the pastoral reed,
Started sweet ECHO from the shores of TWEED.

O favour'd stream ! where thy fair current flows,
The child of nature, gentle THOMSON rose.
Young as he wander'd on thy flowery side,
With simple joy to see thy bright waves glide,
Thither, in all their native charms array'd,
From climes remote the sister SEASONS stray'd.

Long

Long each in beauty boasted to excel,
 (For jealousies in sister-bosoms dwell)
 But now, delighted with the liberal boy,
 Like Heaven's fair rivals in the groves of TROY,
 Yield to an humble swain their high debate,
 And from his voice the palm of beauty wait.

Her naked charms, like VENUS, to disclose,
 SPRING from her bosom threw the shadowing rose ;
 Bar'd the pure snow that feeds the lover's fire,
 The breast that thrills with exquisite desire ;
 Assum'd the tender smile, the melting eye,
 The breath *favonian*, and the yielding sigh.
 One beauteous hand a wilding's blossom grac'd,
 And one fell careless o'er her zoneless waist.

Majestic SUMMER, in gay pride adorn'd,
 Her rival sister's simple beauty scorn'd.

With

With purple wreaths her lofty brows were bound,
 With glowing flowers her rising bosom crown'd.
 In her gay zone, by artful Fancy fram'd,
 The bright Rose blush'd, the full Carnation flam'd.
 Her cheeks the glow of splendid clouds display,
 And her eyes flash insufferable day.

With milder air the gentle AUTUMN came,
 But seem'd to languish at her Sister's flame.
 Yet, conscious of her boundless wealth, she bore
 On high the emblems of her golden store.
 Yet could she boast the plenty-pouring hand,
 The liberal smile, benevolent and bland.
 Nor might she fear in beauty to excell,
 From whose fair head such golden tresses fell;
 Nor might she envy SUMMER's flowery zone,
 In whose sweet eye the star of evening shone.

Next, the pale Power, that blots the golden sky,
Wreath'd her grim brows, and roll'd her stormy eye;
" Behold," she cried, with voice that shook the
ground,

(The Bard, the Sisters trembled at the sound)

" Ye weak admirers of a grape, or rose,

" Behold my wild magnificence of snows !

" See my keen Frost her glassy bosom bare !

" Mock the faint sun, and bind the fluid air !

" Nature to you may lend a painted hour,

" With you may sport, when I suspend my power.

" But you and Nature, who that power obey,

" Shall own my beauty, or shall dread my sway."

She spoke: the Bard, whose gentle heart ne'er gave
One pain or trouble that he knew to save,
No favour'd nymph extols with partial lays,
But gives to each her picture for her praise.

Mute

Mute lies his lyre in death's uncheerful gloom,
And *Truth* and *Genius* weep at THOMSON'S tomb.

Yet still the muse's living sounds pervade
Her ancient scenes of *Caledonian* shade.
Still nature listens to the tuneful lay,
On KILDA'S mountains and in ENDERMAY.

Th' ethereal brilliance of poetic fire,
The mighty hand that smites the sounding lyre,
Strains that on fancy's strongest pinion rise,
Conceptions vast, and thoughts that grasp the skies,
To the rapt youth that mus'd on * SHAKESPEAR'S grave,
To OGILVIE the muse of PINDAR gave.
† TIME, as he sung, a moment ceas'd to fly,
And lazy ‡ SLEEP unfolded half his eye.

* See Mr. Ogilvie's Ode to the Genius of Shakespear.

† Ode to Time. Ibid.

‡ Ode to Sleep. Ibid.

O wake, sweet Bard, the *Theban* lyre again ;
 With ancient valour swell the sounding strain.
 Hail the high trophies by thy country won,
 The wreaths that flourish for each valiant son.

While Hardyknute frowns red with NORWAY's gore,
 Paint her pale matrons weeping on the shore.
 Hark ! the green Clarion pouring floods of breath
 Voluminously loud ; high scorn of death
 Each gallant spirit elates ; see Rothsay's thane
 With arm of mountain oak his firm bow strain !
 Hark ! the string twangs—the whizzing arrow flies ;
 The fierce NORSE falls—indignant falls—and dies.
 O'er the dear urn, where glorious * WALLACE sleeps,
 True Valour bleeds, and patriot Virtue weeps.

* William Wallace, who after bravely defending his country against the arms of Edward I. was executed as a Rebel, though he had taken no oath of allegiance.

Son of the Lyre, what high ennobling strain,
 What meed from thee shall generous WALLACE gain?
 Who greatly scorning an Usurper's pride,
 Bar'd his brave breast for liberty, and died.

Boast, SCOTLAND, boast thy sons of mighty name,
 Thine ancient chiefs of high heroic fame.
 Souls that to death their Country's foes oppos'd,
 And life in freedom, glorious freedom clos'd.

Where, yet bewail'd, ARGYLE's warm ashes lie,
 Let Music breathe her most persuasive sigh.
 To him, what Heaven to man could give, it gave,
 Wise, generous, honest, eloquent and brave.
Genius and *Valour* for ARGYLE shall mourn,
 And his own laurels flourish round his urn.
 O, may they bloom beneath a fav'ring sky,
 And in their shade *Reproach* and *Envy* die!

THE
VISIONS of FANCY.
In FOUR ELEGIES.

La Raifon ſçait que c'eſt un Songe,
Mais elle en ſaiſit les douceurs :
Elle a beſoin de ces fantômes,
Preſque tous les Plaiſirs des Hommes
Ne ſont que de douces Erreurs. GRÆSET.

WRITTEN IN MDCCLXII.

E L E G Y I:

CHILDREN of FANCY, whither are ye fled?
 Where have ye borne those Hope-enliven'd Hours,
 That once with myrtle garlands bound my head,
 That once bestrew'd my vernal path with flowers?

In yon fair vale, where blooms the beechen grove,
 Where winds the flow wave thro' the flowery plain,
 To these fond arms you led the Tyrant, LOVE,
 With FEAR and HOPE and FOLLY in his train.

My lyre, that, left at careless distance, hung
 Light on some pale branch of the osier shade,
 To lays of amorous blandishment you strung,
 And o'er my sleep the lulling music play'd.

" Rest, gentle youth ! while on the quivering breeze
 " Slides to thine ear this softly breathing strain ;
 " Sounds that move smother than the steps of ease,
 " And pour oblivion in the ear of pain.

" In this fair vale eternal spring shall smile,
 " And TIME unenvious crown each roseate hour ;
 " Eternal joy shall every care beguile,
 " Breathe in each gale, and bloom in every flower.

" This silver stream, that down it's crystal way
 " Frequent has led thy musing steps along,
 " Shall, still the same, in sunny mazes play,
 " And with it's murmurs melodize thy song.

" Unfading green shall these fair groves adorn ;
 " Those living meads immortal flowers unfold ;
 " In rosy smiles shall rise each blushing morn,
 " And every evening close in clouds of gold.

" The

“ The tender **LOVES** that watch thy slumbering rest,
 “ And round thee flowers and balmy myrtles strew,
 “ Shall charm, thro’ all approaching life, thy breast,
 “ With joys for ever pure, for ever new.

“ The genial power that speeds the golden dart,
 “ Each charm of tender passion shall inspire ;
 “ With fond affection fill the mutual heart,
 “ And feed the flame of ever-young **DESIRE**.

“ Come gentle **LOVES** ! your myrtle garlands bring ;
 “ The smiling bower with cluster’d roses spread ;
 “ Come gentle **AIRS** ! with incense-dropping wing
 “ The breathing sweets of vernal odour shed.

“ Hark, as the strains of swelling music rise,
 “ How the notes vibrate on the fav’ring gale !
 “ Auspicious glories beam along the skies,
 “ And powers unseen the happy moments hail !

“ Extatic hours ! so every distant day

“ Like this serene on downy wings shall move ;

“ Rise crown'd with joys that triumph o'er decay,

“ The faithful joys of FANCY and of LOVE.”

ELEGY

E L E G Y II.

AND were they vain, those soothing lays ye sung?
 Children of FANCY! yes, your song was vain;
 On each soft air though rapt ATTENTION hung,
 And SILENCE listen'd on the sleeping plain.

The strains yet vibrate on my ravish'd ear,
 And still to smile the mimic beauties seem,
 Though now the visionary scenes appear
 Like the faint traces of a vanish'd dream.

Mirror of life! the glories thus depart
 Of all that YOUTH and LOVE and FANCY frame,
 When painful ANGUISH speeds the piercing dart,
 Or ENVY blasts the blooming flowers of FAME.

Nurse

Nurse of wild wishes, and of fond desires,
 The prophets of FORTUNE, false and vain,
 To scenes where PEACE in RUIN's arms expires
 Fallacious HOPE deludes her hapless train.

Go, Syren, go - - - thy charms on others try ;
 My beaten bark at length has reach'd the shore :
 Yet on the rock my dropping garments lie ;
 And let me perish, if I trust thee more.

Come gentle QUIET ! long-neglected maid !
 O come, and lead me to thy mossy cell ;
 There unregarded in the peaceful shade,
 With calm REPOSE and SILENCE let me dwell.

Come happier hours of sweet unanxious rest,
 When all the struggling passions shall subside ;
 When PEACE shall clasp me to her plummy breast,
 And smoothe my silent minutes as they glide.

But

But chief, thou goddess of the thoughtless eye,
 Whom never cares or passions discompose,
 O blest **INSENSIBILITY** be nigh,
 And with thy soothing hand my weary eyelids close.

Then shall the cares of love and glory cease,
 And all the fond anxieties of fame ;
 Alike regardless in the arms of **PEACE**,
 If these extol, or those debase a name.

In **LYTTELTON** though all the muses praise,
 His generous praise shall then delight no more,
 Nor the sweet magick of his tender lays
 Shall touch the bosom which it charm'd before.

Nor then, tho' **MALICE**, with insidious guise
 Of friendship, ope the unsuspecting breast ;
 Nor then, tho' **ENVY** broach her blackening lies,
 Shall these deprive me of a moment's rest.

O state

O state to be desir'd ! when hostile rage
 Prevails in human more than savage haunts ;
 When man with man eternal war will wage,
 And never yield that mercy which he wants.

When dark DESIGN invades the chearful hour,
 And draws the heart with social freedom warm,
 It's cares, it's wishes, and it's thoughts to pour,
 Smiling insidious with the hopes of harm.

Vain man, to other's failings still severe,
 Yet not one foible in himself can find ;
 Another's faults to FOLLY's eye are clear,
 But to her own e'en WISDOM's self is blind.

O let me still, from these low follies free,
 This fordid malice, and inglorious strife,
 Myself the subject of my censure be,
 And teach my heart to comment on my life.

With

With thee, PHILOSOPHY, still let me dwell,
 My tutor'd mind from vulgar meanness save ;
 Bring PEACE, bring QUIET to my humble cell,
 And bid them lay the green turf on my grave

ELEGY

E L E G Y III.

BRIGHT o'er the green hills rose the morning ray,
 The wood-lark's song resounded on the plain;
 Fair NATURE felt the warm embrace of day,
 And smil'd thro' all her animated reign.

When young DELIGHT, of HOPE and FANCY born,
 His head on tufted wild thyme half-reclin'd,
 Caught the gay colours of the orient morn,
 And thence of life this picture vain design'd.

" O born to thoughts, to pleasures more sublime
 " Than beings of inferior nature prove !
 " To triumph in the golden hours of TIME;
 " And feel the charms of fancy and of love !

" High-

“ High-favour’d man ! for him unfolding fair
 “ In orient light this native landscape smiles ;
 “ For him sweet HOPE disarms the hand of care,
 “ Exalts his pleasures, and his grief beguiles.

“ Blows not a blossom on the breast of SPRING,
 “ Breathes not a gale along the bending mead,
 “ Trills not a songster of the soaring wing,
 “ But fragrance, health and melody succeed.

“ O let me still with simple NATURE live,
 “ My lowly field-flowers on her altar lay,
 “ Enjoy the blessings that she meant to give,
 “ And calmly waste my inoffensive day !

“ No titled name, no envy-teasing dome,
 “ No glittering wealth my tutor’d wishes crave ;
 “ So HEALTH and PEACE be near my humble home,
 “ A cool stream murmur, and a green tree wave.

“ So

“ So may the sweet EUTERPE not disdain

“ At Eve’s chaste hour her silver lyre to bring ;

“ The muse of pity wake her soothing strain,

“ And tune to sympathy the trembling string.

“ Thus glide the pensive moments, o’er the vale

“ While floating shades of dusky night descend :

“ Not left untold the lover’s tender tale,

“ Nor unenjoy’d the heart-enlarging friend.

“ To love and friendship flow the social bowl !

“ To attic wit and elegance of mind ;

“ To all the native beauties of the soul,

“ The simple charms of truth, and sense refin’d !

“ Then to explore whatever ancient sage

“ Studious from nature’s early volume drew,

“ To chase sweet FICTION thro’ her golden age,

“ And mark how fair the sun-flower, Science, blew !

" Haply to catch some spark of eastern fire,

" *Hesperian* fancy, or *Adrian* ease ;

" Some melting note from SAPPHO's tender lyre,

" Some strain that LOVE and PHOEBUS taught to
please.

" When waves the grey light o'er the mountain's head,

" Then let me meet the morn's first beauteous ray ;

" Carelessly wander from my sylvan shed,

" And catch the sweet breath of the rising day.

" Nor feldom, loitering as I muse along,

" Mark from what flower the breeze it's sweetness
bore ;

" Or listen to the labour-soothing song

" Of bees that range the thymy uplands o'er.

" Slow let me climb the mountain's airy brow,

" The green height gain'd, in museful rapture lie,

" Sleep to the murmur of the woods below,

" Or look on NATURE with a lover's eye.

" Delightful hours ! O, thus for ever flow ;

" Led by fair FANCY round the varied year :

" So shall my breast with native raptures glow,

" Nor feel one pang from folly, pride, or fear.

" Firm be my heart to NATURE and to TRUTH,

" Nor vainly wander from their dictates sage ;

" So JOY shall triumph on the brows of youth,

" So HOPE shall smoothe the dreary paths of age.

ELEGY

E L E G Y IV.

O H! yet, ye dear, deluding visions stay!
 Fond hopes, of INNOCENCE and FANCY born!
 For you I'll cast these waking thoughts away,
 For one wild dream of life's romantic morn.

Ah! no: the sunshine o'er each object spread
 By flattering HOPE, the flowers that blew so fair,
 Like the gay gardens of ARMIDA fled,
 And vanish'd from the powerful rod of CARE.

So the poor pilgrim, who in rapturous thought
 Plans his dear journey to *Loretto's* shrine,
 Seems on his way by guardian seraphs brought,
 Sees aiding angels favour his design.

Ambrosial blossoms, such of old as blew
 By those fresh founts on Eden's happy plain,
 And *Sharon's* roses all his passage strew :
 So FANCY dreams ; but FANCY's dreams are vain.

Wasted and weary on the mountain's side,
 His way unknown, the hapless pilgrim lies,
 Or takes some ruthless robber for his guide,
 And prone beneath his cruel sabre dies.

Life's morning-landscape gilt with orient light,
 Where HOPE and JOY and FANCY hold their reign,
 The grove's green wave, the blue stream sparkling
 bright,
 The blythe hours dancing round *Hyperion's* wain,

In radiant colours YOUTH's free hand pourtrays,
 Then holds the flattering tablet to his eye ;
 Nor thinks how soon the vernal grove decays,
 Nor sees the dark cloud gathering o'er the sky.

Hence FANCY conquer'd by the dart of PAIN,
 And wandering far from her *Platonic* shade,
 Mourns o'er the ruins of her transient reign,
 Nor unrepining sees her visions fade.

Their parent banish'd, hence her children fly,
 The fairy race that fill'd her festive train;
 Joy tears his wreath, and HOPE inverts her eye,
 And FOLLY wonders that her dream was vain.

A P O E M,

TO THE MEMORY OF

Mr. H A N D E L,

WRITTEN IN MDCCLX;

M. H. O. P.

TO THE MEMORY OF

MR. H. A. D. E.

WRITTEN BY M. H. O. P.

A P O E M,

TO THE MEMORY OF

Mr. H A N D E L.

SPIRITS of music, and ye powers of song,
That wak'd to painful melody the lyre
Of young JESSIDES, when, in Sion's vale
He wept o'er bleeding friendship; ye that mourn'd,
While freedom drooping o'er EUPHRATES' stream,
He pensive harp on the pale osier hung,
Begin once more the sorrow-soothing lay.

Ah ! where shall now the Muse fit numbers find ?
What accents pure to greet thy tuneful shade,
Sweet harmonist ? 'twas thine, the tender fall

Of

Of pity's plaintive lay ; for thee the stream
 Of silver-winding music sweeter play'd,
 And purer flow'd for thee,——all silent now
 * Those airs that, breathing o'er the breast of THAMES,
 Led amorous ECHO down the long, long vale,
 Delighted ; studious from thy sweeter strain
 To melodise her own ; when fancy-lorn,
 She mourns in Anguish o'er the drooping breast
 Of young NARCISSUS. From their amber urns,
 † Parting their green locks streaming in the sun,
 The NAIADS rose and smil'd : nor since the day,
 When first by music, and by freedom led
 From Grecian ACIDALE ; nor since the day,
 When last from ARNO's weeping fount they came,

* The Water-Music.

† Rorantesq; Comas a Fronte removit ad Aures, *Ovid. Met.*

To smoothe the ringlets of SABRINA's hair,
 Heard they like minstrelsy——fountains and shades
 Of TWIT'NAM, and of WINDSOR fam'd in song!
 Ye heights of CLERMONT, and ye bowers of HAM!
 That heard the fine strain vibrate thro' your groves,
 Ah! where were then your long-lov'd Muses fled,
 When HANDEL breath'd no more?—and thou, sweet
 Queen,

That nightly wrapt thy MILTON's hallow'd ear
 In the soft ecstasies of LYDIAN airs;
 * That since attun'd to HANDEL's high-wound lyre
 The lay by thee suggested; could'ft not thou
 Soothe with thy sweet song the grim† fury's breast?

* L'Allegro and Il Penferoso, set to Music by Mr. HANDEL.

† See MILTON's Lycidas.

COLD-HEARTED Death ! his wanly-glaring eye
 Nor virtue's smile attracts, nor fame's loud trump
 Can pierce his iron ear, for ever barr'd
 To gentle sounds : the golden voice of song,
 That charms the gloomy partner of his birth,
 That soothes Despair and Pain, he hears no more,
 Than rude winds, blust'ring from the CAMBRIAN cliffs,
 The traveller's feeble lay. To court fair fame,
 To toil with slow steps up the star-crown'd hill,
 Where science, leaning on her sculptur'd urn,
 Looks conscious on the secret-working hand
 Of Nature ; on the wings of genius borne,
 To soar above the beaten walks of life,
 Is, like the paintings of an evening cloud,
 Th' amusement of an hour. Night, gloomy night
 Spreads her black wings, and all the vision dies.

Ere long, the heart, that heaves this sigh to thee,
 Shall beat no more ! ere long, on this fond lay
 Which mourns at HANDEL'S tomb, insulting TIME
 Shall strew his cankering rust. Thy strain, perchance,
 Thy sacred strain shall the hoar warrior spare ;
 For sounds like thine, at Nature's early birth,
 Arous'd him slumbering on the dead profound
 Of dusky Chaos ; by the golden harps
 Of choral angels summon'd to his race :
 And sounds like thine, when nature is no more,
 Shall call him weary from the lengthen'd toils,
 Of twice ten thousand years.—O would his hand
 Yet spare some portion of this vital flame,
 The trembling Muse that now faint effort makes
 On young and artless wing, should bear thy praise
 Sublime, above the mortal bounds of earth,

With

With heavenly fire relume her feeble ray,
And, taught by Seraphs, frame her song for thee.

I FEEL, I feel the sacred impulse——hark!
Wak'd from according Lyres the sweet strains flow
In symphony divine; from air to air
The trembling numbers fly: swift bursts away
The flow of joy—now swells the flight of praise.
Springs the shrill trump aloft; the toiling chords
Melodious labour thro' the flying maze;
And the deep base his strong sound rolls away,
Majestically sweet—— Yet, HANDEL, raise,
Yet wake to higher strains thy sacred lyre:
The name of ages, the supreme of things,
The great MESSIAH asks it; He whose hand
Led into form yon everlasting Orbs,
The harmony of nature—He whose hand

Stretch'd

Stretch'd o'er the wilds of space this beauteous ball,
Whose spirit breathes thro' all his smiling works
Music and love—— yet HANDEL raise the strain.

Hark ! what angelic sounds, what voice divine
Breathes thro' the ravisht air ! my rapt ear feels
The harmony of Heaven. Hail sacred Choir !
Immortal Spirits, hail ! If haply those
That erst in favour'd PALESTINE proclaim'd
Glory and peace : her angel-haunted groves,
Her piny mountains, and her golden vales
Re-echo'd peace—— But, Oh ! suspend the strain——
The swelling joy's too much for mortal bounds !
'Tis transport even to pain.

Yet, hark ! what pleasing sounds invite mine ear
So venerably sweet ? 'Tis SION's lute.

Behold

Behold her * hero ! from his valiant brow
 Looks JUDAH's lyon, on his thigh the sword
 Of vanquish'd APOLLONIUS— The shrill trump
 Thro' BETHORON proclaims th' approaching fight.
 I see the brave youth lead his little band,
 With toil and hunger faint ; yet from his arm
 The rapid Syrian flies. Thus HENRY once,
 The British HENRY, with his way-worn troop,
 Subdu'd the pride of France— Now louder blows
 The martial clangor : lo NICANOR's host !
 With threat'ning turrets crown'd, slowly advance
 The ponderous elephants——
 The blazing sun, from many a golden shield
 Reflected, gleams afar. Judean chief!
 How shall thy force, thy little force sustain
 The dreadful shock !

* Judas Maccabeus.

* The hero comes— 'Tis boundless mirth and song
And dance and triumph ; every labouring string,
And voice, and breathing shell in concert strain
To swell the raptures of tumultuous joy.

O master of the passions and the soul,
Seraphic HANDEL ! how shall words describe
Thy music's countless graces, nameless powers !

WHEN † he of GAZA, blind, and sunk in chains,
On female treachery looks greatly down,
How the breast burns indignant ! in thy strain,
When sweet-voic'd piety resigns to heaven,
Glows not each bosom with the flame of virtue ?

O'ER JEPHTHA's votive maid when the soft lute
Sounds the slow symphony of funeral grief,

* Chorus of youths, in Judas Maccabeus.

† See the Oratorio of Samson.

What youthful breast but melts with tender pity ?

What parent bleeds not with a parent's woe ?

O, longer than this worthless lay can live !

While fame and music sooth the human ear ;

Be this thy praise : to lead the polish'd mind

To virtue's noblest heights ; to light the flame

Of British freedom, rouse the generous thought,

Refine the passions, and exalt the soul

To love, to heaven, to harmony and thee.

THE
ENLARGEMENT
OF THE
MIND.
EPISTLE I.
TO GENERAL CRAUFURD.

WRITTEN AT BELVIDERE, MDCCLXIII.

THE
ENLARGEMENT
OF THE
MIND.
EPISTLE I.

WHERE is the man, who, prodigal of mind,
In one wide wish embraces human kind?
All pride of sects, all party zeal above,
Whose Priest is Reason, and whose God is Love;
Fair Nature's friend, a foe to fraud and art——
Where is the man, so welcome to my heart?

The fightless herd sequacious, who pursue
Dall Folly's path, and do as others do,

Who look with purblind prejudice and scorn,
On different sects, in different nations born,
Let Us, my CRAUFURD, with compassion view,
Pity their pride, but shun their error too.

From Belvidere's fair groves, and mountains green,
Which Nature rais'd, rejoicing to be seen,
Let Us, while raptur'd on her works we gaze,
And the heart riots on luxurious praise,
Th' expanded thought, the boundless wish retain,
And let not NATURE moralize in vain.

O sacred Guide! preceptress more sublime
Than fages boasting o'er the wrecks of time!
See on each page her beauteous volume bear
The golden characters of good and fair.
All human knowledge (blush collegiate pride!)
Flows from her works, to none that reads denied.

Shall

Shall the dull inmate of pedantic walls,
 On whose old walk the funbeam seldom falls,
 Who knows of nature, and of man no more
 Than fills some page of antiquated lore——
 Shall he, in words and terms profoundly wise,
 The better knowledge of the world despise,
 Think Wisdom center'd in a *false degree*,
 And scorn the scholar of Humanity?

Something of men these sapient drones may know,
 Of men that liv'd two thousand years ago.
 Such human monsters if the world e'er knew,
 As ancient verse, and ancient story drew!

If to one object, system, scene confin'd,
 The sure effect is narrowness of mind.

'Twas thus St. ROBERT, in his lonely wood,
 Forsook each social duty——to be good.

Thus HOBBS on one dear system fix'd his eyes,
 And prov'd his nature wretched—to be wise.
 Each zealot thus, elate with ghostly pride,
 Adores his God, and hates the world beside.

Tho' form'd with powers to grasp this various ball,
 Gods! to what meanness may the spirit fall?
 Powers that should spread in Reason's orient ray,
 How are they darken'd, and debarr'd the day!

When late, where Tajo rolls his ancient tide,
 Reflecting clear the Mountain's purple side,
 Thy genius, CRAFTURD, Britain's legions led,
 And Fear's chill cloud forsook each brightning head,
 By nature brave, and generous as thou art,
 Say did not human follies vex thy heart?
 Glow'd not thy breast indignant, when you saw
 The dome of Murder consecrate by Law?

Where

Where fiends, commission'd with the legal rod,
In pure devotion, burn the works of God.

O change me, powers of Nature, if ye can,
Transform me, make me any thing but man.
Yet why? This heart all human kind forgives,
While GILLMAN loves me, and while CRAUFURD lives.
Is Nature, all benevolent, to blame,
That half her offspring are their mother's shame?
Did she ordain o'er this fair scene of things
The cruelty of Priests, or pride of Kings?
Tho' worlds lie murder'd for their wealth or fame,
Is Nature all-benevolent to blame?

" Yet surely once, my friend, she seem'd to err;
" For W---ch--t was"—He was not made by her.
Sure, form'd of clay that Nature held in scorn,
By fiends constructed, and in darkness born,

Rose

Rose the low wretch, who, despicably vile,
 Would sell his Country for a Courtier's smile;
 Would give up all to truth or freedom dear,
 To dine with * * * * or some idiot peer,
 Whose mean malevolence, in dark disguise,
 The man that never injur'd him belies,
 Whose actions bad and good two motives guide,
 The Serpent's malice, and the Coxcomb's pride.
 "Is there a wretch so mean, so base, so low?"
 I know there is——ask W---chc-t if he know.

O that the world were emptied of it's slaves!
 That all the fools were gone, and all the knaves!
 Then might we, CRAUFURD, with delight embrace,
 In boundless love, the rest of human race.

But let not knaves misanthropy create,
 Nor feed the gall of universal hate.

Wherever Genius, Truth, and Virtue dwell,
 Polish'd in courts, or simple in a cell,
 All views of country, sects, and creeds apart,
 These, these I love, and hold them to my heart.

Vain of our beauteous isle, and justly vain,
 For freedom here, and health, and plenty reign,
 We different lots contemptuously compare,
 And boast, like children, of a Fav'rite's share.

Yet tho' each vale a deeper verdure yields
 Than Arno's banks, or Andalusia's fields,
 Tho' many a tree-crown'd mountain teems with ore,
 Tho' flocks innumerable whiten every shore,
 Why should we, thus with nature's wealth elate,
 Behold her different families with hate?
 Look on her works---on every page you'll find
 Inscib'd the doctrine of the social mind.

See

See countless worlds of insect being share
 Th' unenvied regions of the liberal air !
 In the same grove what music void of strife !
 Heirs of one stream what tribes of scaly life !
 See Earth, and Air, and Fire, and Flood combine
 Of general good to aid the great design !

Where ANCON drags o'er LINCOLN's lurid plain,
 Like a slow snake, his dirty-winding train,
 Where fogs eternal blot the face of day,
 And the lost Bittern moans his gloomy way ;
 As well we might, for unpropitious skies,
 The blameless native with his clime despise,
 As him who still the poorer lot partakes
 Of BISCAY's mountains, or BATAVIA's lakes..

Yet look once more on Nature's various plan !
 Behold, and love her noblest creature man !

She,

She, never partial, on each various zone,
 Bestow'd some portion, to the rest unknown,
 By mutual interest meaning thence to bind
 In one vast chain the commerce of mankind.

Behold, ye vain disturbers of an hour!
 Ye Dupes of Faction! and ye Tools of Power!
 Poor rioters on Life's contracted stage!
 Behold, and lose your littleness of rage!
 Throw Envy, Folly, Prejudice behind!
 And yield to Truth the empire of the mind.

Immortal Truth! O from thy radiant shrine,
 Where Light created first essay'd to shine;
 Where clust'ring Stars eternal beams display,
 And Gems ethereal drink the golden day;
 To chase this Moral, clear this sensual night,
 O shed one ray of thy celestial light!

Teach

Teach us, while wandering thro' this vale below
 We know but little, that we little know.
 One beam to mole-ey'd Prejudice convey,
 Let Pride perceive one mortifying ray.
 Thy glafs to Fools, to Infidels apply,
 And all the dimness of the mental eye.

Plac'd on this shore of Time's far-stretching bourn,
 With leave to look at Nature and return;
 While wave on wave impells the human tide,
 And ages sink, forgotten as they glide;
 Can Life's short duties better be discharg'd,
 Than when we leave it with a mind enlarg'd?

Judg'd not the old Philosopher aright,
 When thus he preach'd, his pupils in his sight?
 "It matters not, my friends, how low or high;
 Your little walk of transient life may lie.

Soon

Soon will the reign of Hope and Fear be o'er,
 And warring passions militate no more.
 And trust me, he who, having once survey'd
 The good and fair which Nature's wisdom made,
 The soonest to his former state retires,
 And feels the peace of satisfied desires,
 (Let others deem more wisely if they can)
 I look on him to be the happiest man."

So thought the sacred Sage, in whom I trust,
 Because I feel his sentiments are just.
 'Twas not in Lustrums of long counted years
 That swell'd th' alternate reign of hopes and fears ;
 Not in the splendid scenes of pain and strife,
 That Wisdom plac'd the dignity of life ;
 To study Nature was the task design'd,
 And learn from her th' enlargement of the mind.
 Learn from her works whatever Truth admires,
 And sleep in Death with satisfied desires.

THE
ENLARGEMENT
OF THE
MIND.
EPISTLE II.
TO WILLIAM LANGHORNE, M. A.
WRITTEN IN MDCCLXV.

Vol. I.

G

THE
TREATISE
OF THE
MIND
BY
WILLIAM LAMONGHON, M.A.
WRITTEN IN MEDICINE

G

E P I S T L E II.

L I G H T HEARD HIS VOICE, and, eager to obey,
From all her orient fountains burst away.

At Nature's birth, O! had the power divine
Commanded thus the moral sun to shine,
Beam'd on the mind all reason's influence bright,
And the full day of *intellectual* light,
Then the free soul, on Truth's strong pinion born,
Had never languish'd in this shade forlorn.

Yet thus imperfect form'd, thus blind and vain,
Doom'd by long toil a glimpse of truth to gain;
Beyond its sphere shall human wisdom go,
And boldly censure what it cannot know?

'Tis our's to cherish what Heav'n deign'd to give,
And thankful for the gift of Being to live.

Progressive powers, and faculties that rise
From earth's low vale, to grasp the golden skies,
Tho' distant far from perfect, good, or fair,
Claim the due thought, and ask the grateful care.

Come, then, thou partner of my life and name,
From one dear source, whom Nature form'd the same,
Ally'd more nearly in each nobler part,
And more the friend, than brother, of my heart!
Let us, unlike the lucid twins that rise
At different times, and shine in distant skies,
With mutual eye this mental world survey,
Mark the slow rise of intellectual day,
View reason's source, if man the source may find,
And trace each Science that exalts the mind.

"Thou self-appointed Lord of all below!
 "Ambitious man, how little dost thou know?
 "For once let Fancy's towering thoughts subside;
 "Look on thy birth, and mortify thy pride!
 "A plaintive wretch, so blind, so helpless born,
 "The brute sagacious might behold with scorn.
 "How soon, when Nature gives him to the day,
 "In strength exulting, does he bound away!
 "By instinct led, the fostering teat he finds,
 "Sports in the ray, and shuns the searching winds.
 "No grief he knows, he feels no groundless fear,
 "Feeds without cries, and sleeps without a tear.
 "Did he but know to reason and compare,
 "See here the vassal, and the master there,
 "What strange reflections must the scene afford,
 "That shew'd the weakness of his puling Lord!"

Thus sophistry unfolds her specious plan,
 Form'd not to humble, but depreciate man.
 Unjust the censure, if unjust to rate
 His pow'rs and merits from his infant-state.
 For, grant the children of the flow'ry vale
 By instinct wiser, and of limbs more hale,
 With equal eye their perfect state explore,
 And all the vain comparison's no more.

“ But why should life, so short by Heav'n ordain'd,
 “ Be long to thoughtless infancy restrain'd—
 “ To thoughtless infancy, or vainly sage,
 “ Mourn through the languors of declining age ?

O blind to truth ! to Nature's wisdom blind !
 And all that she directs, or Heav'n design'd !
 Behold her works in cities, plains, and groves,
 All life that vegetates, and life that moves !

In due proportion, as each being stays
In perfect life, it rises and decays.

Is man long helpless? Through each tender hour,
See love parental watch the blooming flow'r!
By op'ning charms, by beauties fresh display'd,
And sweets unfolding see that love repaid!

Has age its pains? For luxury it may—
The temp'rate wear insensibly away.
While sage experience, and reflection clear
Beam a gay sunshine on life's fading year.

But see from age, from infant weakness see,
That man was destin'd for society;
There from those ills a safe retreat behold,
Which young might vanquish, or afflict him old.

" That, in proportion as each Being stays
 " In perfect life, it rises and decays——
 " Is Nature's law—to forms alone confin'd,
 " The laws of matter act not on the MIND.
 " Too feebly, sure, its faculties must grow,
 " And reason brings her borrow'd light too flow."

O! *still* censorious? art thou then possess'd
 Of Reason's power, and does she rule thy breast?
 Say what the use—had Providence assign'd
 To infant years maturity of mind?
 That thy pert offspring, as their father wise,
 Might scorn thy precepts, and thy pow'r despise?
 Or mourn, with ill-match'd faculties at strife,
 O'er limbs unequal to the task of life?
 To feel more sensibly the woes that wait
 On every period, as on every state;

And

And flight, sad convicts of each painful truth,
The happier trifles of unthinking youth ?

Conclude we then the progress of the mind
Ordain'd by wisdom infinitely kind :
No innate knowledge on the soul impress'd,
No birthright instinct acting in the breast,
No natal light, no beams from Heav'n display'd,
Dart thro' the darkness of the mental shade.
Perceptive powers we hold from Heaven's decree,
Alike to knowledge as to virtue free,
In both a lib'ral agency we bear,
The *moral* here, the *intellectual* there ;
And hence in both an equal joy is known,
The conscious pleasure of an act our own.

When first the trembling eye receives the day,
External forms on young perception play ;

External

External forms affect the mind alone,
 Their diff'rent pow'rs and properties unknown.
 See the pleas'd infant court the flaming brand,
 Eager to grasp the glory in its hand !
 The crystal wave as eager to pervade,
 Stretch its fond arms to meet the smiling shade !
 When Memory's call the mimic words obey,
 And wing the thought that falters on its way ;
 When wise Experience her slow verdict draws,
 The sure effect exploring in the Cause,
 In Nature's rude, but not unfruitful wild,
Reflection springs, and *Reason* is her child :
 On her fair stock the blooming Scyon grows,
 And brighter thro' revolving seasons blows.

All beauteous flow'r ! immortal shalt thou shine,
 When dim with age yon golden orbs decline ;

Thy

Thy orient bloom, unconscious of decay,
Shall spread, and flourish in eternal day.

O! with what art, my friend, what early care,
Should wisdom cultivate a plant so fair!
How should her eye the rip'ning mind revise,
And blast the buds of folly as they rise!
How should her hand with industry restrain,
The thriving growth of passion's fruitful train,
Aspiring weeds, whose lofty arms would tow'r
With fatal shade o'er reason's tender flow'r.

From low pursuits the ductile mind to save,
Creeds that contract, and vices that enslave;
O'er life's rough seas its doubtful course to steer,
Unbroke by av'rice, bigotry, or fear!
For this fair Science spreads her light afar,
And fills the bright urn of her eastern star.

The

The liberal power in no sequester'd cells,
 No moonshine-courts of dreaming schoolmen dwells;
 Distinguish'd far her lofty temple stands,
 Where the tall mountain looks o'er distant lands;
 All round her throne the graceful arts appear,
 That boast the empire of the eye or ear.

See favour'd first, and nearest to the throne
 By the rapt mein of musing Silence known,
 Fled from herself, the POW'R OF NUMBERS plac'd,
 Her wild thoughts watch'd by Harmony and Taste.

There (but at distance never meant to vie)
 The full-form'd image glancing on her eye,
 See lively Painting! on her various face,
 Quick-gliding forms a moment find a place;
 She looks, she acts the character she gives,
 And a new feature in each feature lives.

See

See Attic ease in Sculpture's graceful air,
Half loose her robe, and half unbound her hair;
To life, to life, she smiling seems to call,
And down her fair hands negligently fall.

Last, but not meanest, of the glorious choir,
See Music, list'ning to an angel's lyre.

Simplicity, their beauteous handmaid, drest
By Nature, bears a field-flower on her breast.

O Arts divine! O magic Powers that move
The springs of truth, enlarging truth, and love!
Lost in their charms each mean attachment ends,
And Taste and Knowledge thus are Virtue's friends.

Thus Nature deigns to sympathize with art,
And leads the moral beauty to the heart;
There, only there, that strong attraction lies,
Which wakes the soul, and bids her graces rise;
Lives

Lives in those powers of harmony that bind
 Congenial hearts, and stretch from mind to mind :
 Glow'd in that warmth, that social kindness gave,
 Which once—the rest is silence and the grave.

O tears, that warm from wounded friendship flow !
 O thoughts that wake to monuments of woe !
 Reflection keen, that points the painful dart ;
 Mem'ry, that speeds its passage to the heart ;
 Sad monitors, your cruel power suspend,
 And hide, for ever hide, the buried friend :
 —In vain—confest I see my CRAUFURD stand,
 And the pen falls—falls from my trembling hand.
 E'en Death's dim shadow seeks to hide, in vain,
 That lib'ral aspect, and that smile humane ;
 E'en Death's dim shadow wears a languid light,
 And his eye beams thro' everlasting night.

'Till the last sigh of Genius shall expire,
His keen eye faded, and extinct his fire,
'Till time, in league with Envy and with Death,
Blast the skill'd hand, and stop the tuneful breath,
My CRAUFURD still shall claim the mournful song,
So long remember'd, and bewail'd so long.



A N
O D E
T O T H E
R I V E R E D E N.

WRITTEN IN MDCCLIX.

DELIGHTFUL EDEN! parent stream,
 Yet shall the maids of Memory say,
 (When, led by FANCY'S fairy dream,
 My young steps trac'd thy winding way)
 How oft along thy mazy shore,
 That many a gloomy alder bore,
 In pensive thought their Poet stray'd;
 Or, careless thrown thy bank beside,
 Beheld thy dimply waters glide,
 Bright thro' the trembling shade.

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Yet

Yet shall they paint those scenes again,

Where once with infant-joy He play'd,
And bending o'er thy liquid plain,

The azure worlds below survey'd :
Led by the rosy-handed Hours,
When Time trip'd o'er that bank of flowers,
Which in thy chrystal bosom smil'd :

Tho' old the God, yet light and gay,
He flung his glaſs, his ſcythe away,
And ſeem'd himſelf a child.

The poplar tall, that waving near
Would whiſper to thy murmurs free ;
Yet ruſtling ſeems to ſoothe mine ear,
And trembles when I ſigh for thee.

Yet seated on thy shelving brim,

Can FANCY see the Naiads trim

Burnish their green locks in the sun;

Or at the last lone hour of day,

To chase the lightly glancing fay,

In airy circles run.

But, FANCY, can thy mimic power

Again those happy moments bring?

Can'st thou restore that golden hour,

When young JOY wav'd his laughing wing?

When first in EDEN's rosy vale,

My full heart pour'd the lover's tale,

The vow sincere, devoid of guile!

While DELIA in her panting breast,

With sighs, the tender thought suppress,

And look'd as Angels smile.

O Goddess of the crystal bow,
 That dwell'ft the golden meads among ;
 Whose streams still fair in memory flow,
 Whose murmurs melodise my Song !
 Oh ! yet those gleams of joy display,
 Which brightening glow'd in FANCY's ray,
 When, near thy lucid Urn reclin'd,
 The Dryad, Nature, bar'd her breast,
 And left, in naked charms imprest,
 Her image on my mind.

In vain—— the maids of MEMORY fair
 No more in golden visions play ;
 No friendship smoothes the brow of Care,
 No DELIA's smile approves my lay.
 Yet, love and friendship lost to me,
 'Tis yet some joy to think of Thee,

And in thy breast this moral find ;
 That life, tho' stain'd with sorrow's showers,
 Shall flow serene, while VIRTUE pours
 Her sunshine on the mind.



AUTUMNAL ELEGY.

To *****

M DCC LXIII.

WHILE yet my Poplar yields a doubtful shade,
 It's last leaves trembling to the Zephyr's sigh;
 On this fair plain ere every verdure fade,
 Or the last smiles of golden Autumn die;

Wilt thou, my *****, at this pensive hour,
 O'er Nature's ruin hear thy Friend complain;
 While his heart labours with th' inspiring power,
 And from his pen spontaneous flows the strain?

H 4

Thy

Thy gentle breast shall melt with kindred sighs,

Yet haply grieving o'er a Parent's bier;

Poets are Nature's children; when she dies,

Affection mourns, and Duty drops a tear.

Why are ye silent, Brethren of the Grove,

Fond Philomel, thy many-chorded lyre

So sweetly tun'd to Tenderness and Love,

Shall Love no more, or Tenderness inspire?

O mix once more thy gentle lays with mine;

For well our passions, well our notes agree:

An absent love, sweet bird, may soften thine;

An absent love demands a tear from me.

Yet, ere ye slumber, Songsters of the Sky,

Thro' the long night of Winter wild and drear:

O let us tune, ere Love and Fancy die,

One tender Farewell to the fading year.

Farewell

Farewell ye wild Hills, scatter'd o'er with spring!

Sweet solitudes, where Flora smil'd unseen!

Farewell each breeze of balmy-burthen'd wing!

The Violet's blue bank, and the tall Wood green!

Ye tuneful Groves of *Belvidere*, adieu!

Kind Shades that whisper o'er my CRAUFURD'S
rest!

From Courts, from Senates and from Camps to you,

When Fancy leads him, no inglorious guest.

Dear Shades adieu! where late the moral Muse,

Led by the Dryad, *Silence*, oft reclin'd,

Taught *Meanness* to extend her little views,

And look on Nature to enlarge her mind.

Farewell the walk along the Woodland-vale!

Flower-feeding rills in murmurs drawn away!

Farewell the sweet breath of the early gale!

And the dear glories of the closing day!

The

The nameless charms of high, poetic thought,
 That Spring's green hours to Fancy's children bore;
 The words divine, Imagination wrote
 On Slumber's light leaf by the murmuring shore—

All, all adieu ! From Autumn's sober power
 Fly the dear dreams of Spring's delightful reign ;
 Gay Summer strips her rosy-mantled bower,
 And rude winds waste the glories of her train.

Yet Autumn yields her joys of humbler kind ;
 Sad o'er her golden ruins as we stray,
 Sweet melancholy soothes the musing mind,
 And nature charms, delightful in decay.

All-bounteous power, whom happy worlds adore !
 With every scene some grateful change she brings—
 In Winter's wild snows, Autumn's golden store,
 In glowing Summers and in blooming Springs !

O most belov'd! the fairest and the best
 Of all her works! may still thy lover find
 Fair Nature's frankness in thy gentle breast;
 Like her be various, but like her be kind.

Then, when the spring of smiling youth is o'er;
 When Summer's glories yield to Autumn's sway;
 When golden Autumn sinks in Winter hoar,
 And life declining yields its last weak ray;

In thy lov'd arms my fainting age shall close,
 On thee my fond eye bend its trembling light:
 Rememb'rance sweet shall soothe my last repose,
 And my soul bless thee in eternal night.

To

To the Same.

MDCC LXIII.

WHEN pale beneath the frowning shade of
Death,

No soothing voice of Love, or Friendship nigh,
While strong convulsions seiz'd the lab'ring breath,
And Life suspended left each vacant eye ;

Where, in that moment, fled th' immortal mind ?

To what new region did the spirit stray ?
Found it some bosom hospitably kind,
Some breast that took the wanderer in its way ?

To thee, my ***** in that deathful hour,
To thy dear bosom it once more return'd ;
And wrapt in *****'s solitary bower,
The ruins of it's former mansion mourn'd.

But,

But, didst thou, kind and gentle as thou art,
 O'er thy pale lover shed the generous tear?
 From those sweet eyes did Pity's softness start,
 When Fancy laid him on the lowly bier?

Didst thou to Heaven address the forceful prayer,
 Fold thy fair hands, and raise the mournful eye,
 Implore each power benevolent to spare,
 And call down pity from the golden sky?

O born at once to bless me and to save,
 Exalt my life, and dignify my lay!
 Thou too shalt triumph o'er the mouldering grave,
 And on thy brow shall bloom the deathless bay.

Dear shades of genius! heirs of endless fame!
 That in your laureate crowns the myrtle wove,
 Snatch'd from oblivion Beauty's sacred name,
 And grew immortal in the arms of Love!

O may we meet you in some happier clime,
 Some safer vale beneath a genial sky ;
 Whence all the woes that load the wing of time,
 Disease, and death, and fear, and frailty fly !



To the Same.

The Complaint of her RING-DOVE.

MDCCCLIX.

FAR from the smiles of blue hesperian skies,
Far from those vales, where flowery pleasures
dwell,

(Dear scenes of freedom lost to these sad eyes !)

How hard to languish in this lonely cell !

When genial gales relume the fires of love,

When laughing Spring leads round the jocund year ;

Ah ! view with pity, gentle maid, your dove,

From every heart-felt joy secluded here !

To me no more the laughing Spring looks gay ;

Nor annual loves relume my languid breast ;

Time slowly drags the long, delightful day,

Thro' one dull scene of solitary rest.

Ah !

Ah ! what avails that dreaming fancy roves
 Thro' the wild beauties of her native reign !
 Breathes in green fields, and feeds in freshening groves,
 To wake to anguish in this hopeless chain ?

Tho' fondly sooth'd with Pity's tenderest care,
 Tho' still by *****'s gentle hand carest,
 For the free forest, and the boundless air,
 The rebel, Nature, murmurs in my breast.

Ah let not Nature, ***** plead in vain !
 For kindness sure should grace a form so fair :
 Restore me to my native wilds again,
 To the free forest, and the boundless air.

SONNET

S O N N E T

In the Manner of PETRARCH.

To the Same.

WRITTEN MDCCCLXV.

O N thy fair morn, O Hope-inspiring May!
 The sweetest twins that ever Nature bore,
 Where ***** vale her field-flower-garland
 wore,

Young *Love* and *Fancy* met the genial Day.

And, all as on the thyme-green bank I lay,

A Nymph of gentlest mien their train before,

Came with a smile; and Swain, she cried, no
 more

To pensive sorrow tune thy hopeless lay.

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Friends

Friends of thy Heart, see Love and Fancy bring
Each joy that youth's enchanted bosom warms !

Delight that rifles all the fragrant spring !

Fair-handed *Hope*, that paints unfading charms !

And Dove-like *Faith*, that waves her silver
wing.—

These, Swain, are thine ; for ***** meets thy arms.

To the Same.

Wrapped round a Nosegay of Violets.

MDCCLXI.

DEAR object of my late and early prayer !
 Source of my joy ! and solace of my care !
 Whose gentle friendship such a charm can give,
 As makes me wish, and tells me how to live.
 To thee the Muse with grateful hand would bring
 These first fair children of the doubtful Spring.
 O may they, fearless of a varying sky,
 Bloom on thy breast, and smile beneath thine eye !
 In fairer lights their vivid blue display,
 And sweeter breathe their little lives away !

To the Same.

On the Moral Reflections contained in
her Answer to the above Verses.

MDCCLXI.

SWEET moralist! whose moving truths impart
At once delight and anguish to my heart!
Tho' human joys their short-liv'd sweets exhale
Like the wan beauties of the wasted vale;
Yet trust the Muse, fair friendship's flower shall last,
When life's short sunshine, like it's storms is past;
Bloom in the fields of some ambrosial shore,
Where Time, and Death, and Sickness are no more.

Written in a Collection of Maps.

MDCCLXV.

REALMS of this globe, that ever-circling run;
 And rise alternate to embrace the sun;
 Shall I with envy at my lot repine,
 Because I boast so small a portion mine?
 If e'er in thought of *Andalusia's* vines,
Golconda's jewels, or *Potosi's* mines;
 In these, or those, if vanity forgot
 The humbler blessings of my little lot;
 Then may the stream that murmurs near my door,
 The waving grove that loves it's mazy shore,
 Withhold each soothing pleasure that they gave,
 No longer murmur, and no longer wave!

THEODOSIUS to CONSTANTIA.

MDCCCLX.

LET others seek the lying aids of art,
And bribe the passions to betray the heart;
Truth, sacred Truth, and Faith unskill'd to feign,
Fill my fond breast, and prompt my artless strain.

Say, did thy lover, in some happier hour,
Each ardent thought, in wild profusion pour?
With eager fondness on thy beauty gaze,
And talk with all the extasy of praise?
The heart sincere it's pleasing tumult prov'd;
All, all declar'd that THEODOSIUS lov'd.

Let

Let raptur'd Fancy on that moment dwell,
 When thy dear vows in trembling accents fell;
 When Love acknowledg'd wak'd the tender sigh,
 Swell'd thy full breast, and fill'd thy melting eye.

O! blest for ever be th' auspicious day,
 Dance all it's hours in pleasure's golden ray!
 Pale sorrow's gloom from every eye depart!
 And laughing joy glide lightly thro' the heart!
 Let village-maids their festive brows adorn,
 And with fresh garlands meet the smiling morn;
 Each happy Swain, by faithful Love repaid,
 Pour his warm vows, and court his village maid.

Yet shall the scene to ravisht memory rise;
 Constantia present yet shall meet these eyes;
 On her fair arm her beauteous head reclin'd,
 Her locks flung careless to the sportful wind.

While Love, and Fear, contending in her face,
Flush every rose, and heighten every grace.

O, never, while of Life and Hope possesst,
May this dear Image quit my faithful breast!
The painful hours of absence to beguile,
May thus Constantia look, Constantia smile !

ELEGY.

E L E G Y.

MDCCLX.

THE eye of Nature never rests from care ;
 She guards her children with a parent's love ;
 And not a mischief reigns in earth or air,
 But Time destroys, or remedies remove.

In vain no ill shall haunt the walks of life,
 No vice in vain the human heart deprave,
 The pois'nous flower, the tempest's raging strife
 From greater pain, from greater ruin save.

LAVINIA, form'd with every powerful grace,
 With all that lights the flame of young desire ;
 Pure ease of wit, and elegance of face,
 A soul all Fancy, and an eye all fire,

LAVINIA.

LAVINIA !—Peace, my busy, fluttering breast !
 Nor fear to languish in thy former pain :
 At length she yields—she yields the needful rest ;
 And frees her lover from his galling chain.

The golden star, that leads the radiant morn,
 Looks not so fair, fresh-rising from the main ;
 But her bent eye-brow bears forbidding scorn,—
 But pride's fell furies every heart-string strain.

LAVINIA, thanks to thy ungentle mind ;
 I now behold thee with indifferent eyes ;
 And Reason dares, tho' Love as Death be blind,
 Thy gay, thy worthless being to despise.

Beauty may charm without one inward grace,
 And fair proportions win the captive heart ;
 But let rank pride the pleasing form debase,
 And love disgusted breaks his erring dart.

The

The youth that once the sculptur'd Nymph admir'd,
 Had look'd with scornful laughter on her charms,
 If the vain form, with recent life inspir'd,
 Had turn'd disdainful from his offer'd arms.

Go, thoughtless maid! of transient beauty vain,
 Feed the high thought, the towering hope extend;
 Still may'st thou dream of splendor in thy train,
 And smile superb, while love and flattery bend.

For me, sweet peace shall soothe my troubled mind,
 And easy slumbers close my weary eyes;
 Since Reason dares, tho' Love as Death be blind,
 Thy gay, thy worthless being to despise.

Inscrip-

Inscription on the Door of a Study.

O Thou that shalt presume to tread
 This mansion of the mighty dead,
 Come with the free, untainted mind ;
 The nurse, the pedant leave behind ;
 And all that superstition, fraught
 With folly's lore, thy youth has taught—
 Each thought that reason can't retain, —
 Leave it, and learn to think again.
 Yet, while thy studious eyes explore,
 And range these various Volumes o'er,
 Trust blindly to no fav'rite pen,
 Remembering Authors are but men.
 Has fair PHILOSOPHY thy love ?
 Away ! she lives in yonder grove.

If the sweet Muse thy pleasure gives ;—

With her, in yonder grove she lives :

And if Religion claims thy care ;

Religion, fled from books, is there.

For first from Nature's works we drew

Our Knowledge, *and our Virtue too.*

TO

TO
LORD GRANBY.

IN spite of all the rusty fools
That clean old nonsense in the schools;
Nature, a mistress, never coy,
Has wrote on all her works—ENJOY.
Shall we, then, starve, like GIDEON's wife,
And die to save a makeweight's life?
No, friend of NATURE, you disdain,
So fair a hand shou'd work in vain.

But, good my Lord, make her your guide,
And err not on the other side:
Like her, in all you deign to do,
Be liberal, but be sparing too.

When

When fly SIR TOBY, night by night,
 With his dear bags regales his fight;
 And conscience, reason, pity sleep,
 Tho' virtue pine, tho' merit weep;
 I see the keen reproaches fly
 Indignant from your honest eye;
 Each bounteous wish glows unconfin'd,
 And your breast labours to be kind.

At this warm hour, my Lord, beware
 The servile Flatterer's specious snare,
 The fawning Sycophant, whose art
 Marks the kind motions of the heart;
 Each idle, each insidious knave,
 That acts the graceful, wise, or brave.

With festive beard, and social eye,
 You've seen old HOSPITALITY;

Mounted

Mounted astride the moss-grown wall,
 The genius of the ancient hall.
 So reverend, with such courtly glee,
 He serv'd your noble ancestry ;
 And turn'd the hinge of many a gate,
 For Ruffel, Rous, Plantagenet.
 No lying porter levied there,
 His dues on all imported ware ;
 There, rang'd in rows, no liveried train
 E'er begg'd their master's beef again ;
 No flatterer's planetary face
 Plied for a bottle, or a place,
 Toad-eating France, and fiddling Rome
 Kept their lean rascals starv'd at home.

Thrice happy days !"

In this, 'tis true,
 Old times were better than the new ;

Few

Yet some egregious faults you'll see
 In ancient HOSPITALITY.
 See motley crowds, his roof beneath,
 Put poor *Society* to Death!
 Priests, knights and 'squires debating wild,
 On themes unworthy of a child;
 'Till the strange compliment commences,
 To praise their host, and lose their senses.

Go then, my Lord! keep open hall;
 Proclaim your table free for all;
 Go, sacrifice your time, your wealth,
 Your patience, liberty and health,
 To such a thought-renouncing crew,
 Such foes to care——ev'n care for you!

"Heav'ns! and are these the plagues that wait
 "Around the hospitable gate——

" Let ten-fold iron bolt my door,
 " And the gaunt mastiff growl before;
 " There, not one human creature nigh,
 " Save, dear SIR TOBY, you and I,
 " In Cynic silence let us dwell;
 " Ye plagues of social life farewell!"

Displeases this? The modern way,
 Perhaps, may please—— a public day,
 " A public day ! detested name !
 " The farce of friendship and the shame.
 " Did ever social freedom come
 " Within the pale of drawing-room ?
 " See pictur'd round the formal crowd !
 " How nice, how just each attitude !
 " My Lord approaches—what surprise !
 " The pictures speak, the pictures rise !

" Thrice

" Thrice ten times told the same salute,
 " Once more the mimic forms are mute.
 " Mean while the envious rows between,
 " Distrust and Scandal walk unseen;
 " Their poisons silently infuse,
 " 'Till these suspect, and those abuse.

" Far, far from these, in some lone shade,
 " Let me, in easy silence laid,
 " Where never fools, or slaves intrude,
 " Enjoy the sweets of solitude!"

What! quit the commerce of mankind!
 Leave virtue, fame, and worth behind!
 Who fly to solitary rest,
 Are reason's savages at best.

Tho' human life's extensive field
 Wild weeds, and vexing brambles yield;

Behold her smiling vallies bear
 Mellifluous fruits, and flowrets fair !
 The crowds of folly you despise——
 Associate with the good and wise ;
 For virtue, rightly understood,
 Is to be *wise*, and to be *good*.

MONODY.

M O N O D Y.

MDCCLIX.

AH scenes belov'd! ah conscious shades,
 That wave these parent-vales along!
 Ye bowers where Fancy met the tuneful maids,
 Ye mountains vocal with my Doric song,
 Teach your wild echoes to complain
 In sighs of solemn woe, in broken sounds of pain.

For her I mourn,
 Now the cold tenant of the thoughtless urn—
 For her bewail these strains of woe,
 For her these filial sorrows flow,
 Source of my life, that led my tender years,
 With all a parent's pious fears,
 That nurs'd my infant thought, and taught my mind
 to grow.

Careful, she mark'd each dangerous way,
 Where youth's unwary footsteps stray :
 She taught the struggling passions to subside ;
 Where sacred truth, and reason guide,
 In virtue's glorious path to seek the realms of day.

Lamented goodness ! yet I see
 The fond affections melting in her eye :
 She bends it's tearful orb on me,
 And heaves the tender sigh ;
 As thoughtful, she the toils surveys,
 That crowd in life's perplexing maze,
 And for her children feels again
 All, all that love can fear, and all that fear can feign.

O best of parents ! let me pour
 My sorrows o'er thy silent bed ;
 There early strew the vernal flower,
 The parting tear at evening shed——

Alas !

Alas! are these the only meed
 Of each kind thought, each virtuous deed,
 These fruitless offerings that embalm the dead?

Then, fairy-featur'd Hope, forbear——
 No more thy fond illusions spread:
 Thy shadowy scenes dissolv'd in air,
 Thy visionary prospects fled;
 With her they fled, at whose lamented shrine,
 Love, gratitude, and duty mingled tears,
 Condemn'd each filial office to resign,
 Nor hopeful more to soothe her long-declining
 years.

To Mrs. ——— in Tears, for the Death of
a Friend.

MDCCLXII.

SO feeble Nature weeps o'er friendship's grave,
And mourns the rigour of that law she gave :
Yet, why not weep? When in that grave expire
All PEMBROKE's elegance, all WALDEGRAVE's fire.
No more those eyes in soft effulgence move,
No more that bosom feels the spark of love.
O'er those pale cheeks the drooping graces mourn,
And *Fancy* tears her wild wreath o'er that urn.
There *Hope* at Heaven once cast a doubtful eye,
Content repin'd, and *Patience* stole a sigh.
Fair Friendship griev'd o'er ———'s sacred bier,
And *Virtue* wept, for **** dropt a tear.

To

To Mrs. GILLMAN.

WITH sense enough for half your sex beside,
 With just no more than necessary pride ;
 With Knowledge caught from Nature's living page,
 Politely learn'd, and elegantly sage——
 Alas ! how piteous, that in such a mind
 So many foibles free reception find !
 Can such a mind, ye Gods ! admit *disdain* ?
 Be *partial*, *envious*, *covetous*, and *vain* ?
 Unwelcome Truth ! to love, to blindness clear !
 Yet, GILLMAN, bear it ;—while you blush to hear :

That in your gentle breast *Disdain* can dwell,
 Let knavery, meanness, pride that feel it, tell !
 With *partial* eye a friend's defects you see,
 And look with kindness on my faults and me.

And does no *Envy* that fair mind o'er-shade ?
 Does no short *figh for greater wealth* invade ;
 When silent merit wants the fostering meed,
 And the warm wish suggests the virtuous deed ?
 Fairly the charge of *Vanity* you prove,
 Vain of each Virtue of the friends you love.

What charms, what arts of Magic have conspir'd
 Of power to make so many faults admir'd ?

Frag-

Fragment of a POEM, written at Clare-
Hall on the KING's Accession.

MDCCLX.

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WHILE every gale the voice of triumph brings,
And smiling Victory waves her purple wings ;
While earth and ocean yield their subject powers,
Neptune his waves and *Cybele* her towers ;
Yet will you deign the Muse's voice to hear,
And let her welcome greet a Monarch's ear ?
Yes ; midst the toils of glory ill-repaid,
Oft has the Monarch sought her soothing aid.
See *Frederic* court her in the rage of war,
Tho' rapid vengeance urge his hostile car :
With her repos'd in philosophic rest,
The Sage's sunshine smooths the warrior's breast.

Whate'er

Whate'er *Arcadian* fancy feign'd of old
 Of *Halcyon* days, and minutes plum'd with gold ;
 Whate'er adorn'd the wisest, gentlest reign,
 From you she hopes—let not her hopes be vain !
 Rise ancient suns ! advance *Pierian* days !
 Flow *Attic* streams ! and spring *Aonian* bays !
Cam, down thy wave in brisker mazes glide,
 And see new honours crown thy hoary side !
 Thy ofiers old see myrtle groves succeed !
 And the green laurel meet the waving reed !

* * * *
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CÆSAR'S DREAM,

Before his Invasion of Britain.

MDCCLVIII.

WHEN rough Helvetia's hardy sons obey,
 And vanquish'd Belgia bows to Cæsar's sway;
 When, scarce-beheld, embattled nations fall,
 The fierce Sicambrian, and the faithless Gaul;
 Tir'd Freedom leads her savage sons no more,
 But flies, subdued, to Albion's utmost shore.

'Twas then, while stillness grasp'd the sleeping air,
 And dewy slumbers seal'd the eye of care;
 Divine AMBITION to her votary came:
 Her left hand waving, bore the trump of fame;
 Her right a regal sceptre seem'd to hold,
 With gems far-blazing from the burnish'd gold.

And

And thus, " My Son," the Queen of Glory said ;
 " Immortal Cæsar, raise thy languid head.
 " Shall Night's dull chains the man of counsels bind ?
 " Or MORPHEUS rule the monarch of mankind ?
 " See worlds unvanquish'd yet await thy sword !
 " Barbaric lands, that scorn a Latian lord !
 " See yon proud isle, whose mountains meet the sky,
 " Thy foes encourage, and thy power defy !
 " What, tho' by Nature's firmest bars secur'd,
 " By seas encircled, and with rocks immur'd,
 " Shall Cæsar shrink the greatest toils to brave,
 " Scale the high rock, or beat the maddening wave ?"

She spoke—her words the warrior's breast inflame
 With rage indignant, and with conscious shame ;
 Already beat, the swelling floods give way,
 And the fell genii of the rocks obey.

Already

Already shouts of triumph rend the skies,
And the thin rear of barbarous nations flies.

Quick round their chief his active legions stand,
Dwell on his eye, and wait the waving hand.
The Hero rose, majestically flow,
And look'd attention to the crowds below,

‘ ROMANS and Friends! is there who seeks for rest,
‘ By labours vanquish’d, and with wounds oppress’d?
‘ That respite CÆSAR shall with pleasure yield,
‘ Due to the toils of many a well-fought field.
‘ Is there, who shrinks at thought of dangers past,
‘ The ragged mountain, or the pathless waste—
‘ While savage hosts, or savage floods oppose,
‘ Or shivering fancy pines in Alpine snows?
‘ Let him retire to Latium’s peaceful shore;
‘ He once has toil’d, and CÆSAR asks no more.

- ' Is there a ROMAN, whose unshaken breast
 ' No pains have conquer'd, and no fears deprest?
 ' Who, doom'd thro' Death's dread ministers to go,
 ' Dares to chastise the insults of a foe;
 ' Let him, his Country's glory and her stay,
 ' With reverence hear her, and with pride obey.
 ' A form divine, in heavenly splendor bright,
 ' Whose look threw radiance round the pall of night,
 ' With calm severity approach'd and said,
 " Wake thy dull ear, and lift thy languid head,
 " What! shall a *Roman* sink in soft repose,
 " And tamely see the *Britons* aid his foes?
 " See them secure the rebel *Gaul* supply;
 " Spurn his vain eagles and his power defy?
 " Go! burst their barriers, obstinately brave;
 " Scale the wild rock, and beat the maddening wave."

Here

Here paus'd the Chief, but waited no reply,
 The voice assenting spoke from every eye;
 Nor, as the kindness that reproach'd with fear,
 Were dangers dreadful, or were toils severe.

INSCRIPTION

IN A

TEMPLE OF SOCIETY.

SACRED rise these walls to thee,
 Blithe-eyed nymph, Society!
 In whose dwelling, free and fair,
Converse smoothes the brow of care.
 Who, when waggish wit betray'd
 To his arms a sylvan maid,
 All beneath a myrtle tree,
 In some vale of Arcady,
 Sprung, I ween, from such embrace,
 The lovely contrast in her face.

Perchance, the muses as they stray'd,
 Seeking other spring, or shade,

On

On the sweet child cast an eye
 In some vale of Arcady;
 And blithest of the sisters three,
 Gave her to Euphrosyne.

The grace, delighted, taught her care
 The cordial smile the placid air;
 How to chase, and how restrain
 All the fleet, ideal train;
 How with apt words well-combin'd,
 To dress each image of the mind—
 Taught her how they disagree,
 Aukward fear and modesty,
 And freedom and rusticity. }
 True politeness how to know
 From the superficial shew;
 From the Coxcomb's shallow grace,
 And the many-modell'd face:

That Nature's unaffected ease
 More than studied forms would please—
 When to check the sportive vein;
 When to fancy yield the rein,
 On the subject when to be
 Grave or gay, reserv'd or free:
 The speaking air, th' impassion'd eye,
 The living soul of symmetry;
 And that soft sympathy which binds
 In magic chains congenial minds.

INSCRIP.

INSCRIPTION
IN A
SEQUESTERED GROTTO.
MDCCLXIII.

SWEET peace, that lov'st the silent hour,
The still retreat of leisure free;
Associate of each gentle power,
And eldest born of harmony!

O, if thou ownst this mossy cell,
If thine this mansion of repose;
Permit me, nymph, with thee to dwell,
With thee my wakeful eye to close.

And tho' those glittering scenes should fade,
 That Pleasure's rosy train prepares;—
 What vot'ry have they not betray'd?
 What are they more than splendid cares?

But smiling days, exempt from care,
 But nights, when sleep, and silence reign;
 Serenity, with aspect fair,
 And love and joy are in thy train.

Another

Another Inscription in the same Grotto.

M D C C L V I.

O Fairest of the village-born,
 CONTENT, inspire my careless lay!
 Let no vain wish, no thought forlorn
 Throw darkness o'er the smiling day.
 Forget't thou, when we wander'd o'er
 The sylvan *Beleau's* * fedy shore,
 Or rang'd the woodland wilds along;
 How oft on *Herclay's* † mountains high
 We've met the morning's purple eye,
 Delay'd by many a song?

* A small river in Westmorland.

† A romantic village in the abovementioned county, formerly the seat of the *Herclays*, earls of Carlisle.

From thee, from those by fortune led ;

To all the farce of life confin'd ;

At once each native pleasure fled,

For thou, sweet nymph, wast left behind.

Yet could I once, once more survey

Thy comely form in mantle grey,

Thy polish'd brow, thy peaceful eye ;

Where e'er, forsaken fair, you dwell,

Tho' in this dim sequester'd cell,

With thee I'd live and die.

Left with the Minister of Riponden, a romantic village in Yorkshire.

M DCC LVIII.

THREE happy you, whoe'er you are,
 From Life's low cares secluded far,
 In this sequester'd vale—!
 Ye rocks on precipices pil'd!
 Ye ragged defarts, waste and wild!
 Delightful horrors hail!

What joy within these sunless groves,
 Where lonely *contemplation* roves,
 To rest in fearless ease!
 Save weeping rills, to see no tear,
 Save dying gales, no sigh to hear,
 No murmur, but the breeze.

Say,

Say, would you change that peaceful ce
 Where *sanctity* and *silence* dwell,
 For splendor's dazzling blaze?
 For all those gilded toys that glare
 Round high-born power's imperial chair,
 Inviting fools to gaze?

Ah friend! Ambition's prospects close,
 And, studious of your own repose,
 Be thankful here to live;
 For, trust me, one protecting shed,
 And nightly peace, and daily bread
 Is all that life can give.

Written

Written amongst the Ruins of

PONTEFRACT CASTLE.

MDCCCLVI.

RIGHT sung the bard, that all-involving age,
 With hand impartial deals the ruthless blow ;
 That war, wide-wasting, with impetuous rage,
 Lays the tall spire, and sky-crown'd turret low.

A pile stupendous, once of fair renown,
 This mould'ring mass of shapeless ruin rose,
 Where nodding heights of fractur'd columns frown,
 And birds obscene in ivy-bow'rs repose ;

Oft the pale matron from the threatening wall,
 Suspicious, bids her heedless children fly ;
 Oft, as he views the meditated fall,
 Full swiftly steps the frightened peasant by.

But

But more respectful views th' historic sage,
 Musing, these awful relics of decay,
 That once a refuge form'd from hostile rage,
 In HENRY's and in EDWARD's dubious day.

He pensive oft reviews the mighty dead,
 That erst have trod this desolated ground;
 Reflects how here unhappy SAL'SBURY bled,
 When faction aim'd the death-dispensing wound.

Rest, gentle RIVERS! and ill-fated GRAY!
 A flow'r or tear oft strews your humble grave,
 Whom Envy slew, to pave Ambition's way,
 And whom a Monarch wept in vain to save.

Ah! what avail'd th' alliance of a throne?
 The pomp of titles what, or pow'r rever'd?
 Happier! to these the humble life unknown,
 With virtue honour'd, and by peace endear'd.

Had

Had thus the sons of bleeding Britain thought,
 When hapless here inglorious RICHARD lay,
 Yet many a prince, whose blood full dearly bought
 The shameful triumph of the long-fought day :

Yet many a hero, whose defeated hand
 In death resign'd the well contested field,
 Had in his offspring sav'd a sinking land,
 The Tyrant's terror, and the Nation's shield.

Ill could the Muse indignant grief forbear,
 Should Mem'ry trace her bleeding Country's woes ;
 Ill could she count, without a bursting tear,
 Th' inglorious triumphs of the vary'd Rose !

While YORK, with conquest and revenge elate,
 Insulting, triumphs on St. Alban's plain,
 Who views, nor pities HENRY's hapless fate,
 Himself a captive, and his leaders slain ?

Ah

Ah prince! unequal to the toils of war,
 To stem ambition, Faction's rage to quell;
 Happier! from these had Fortune plac'd thee far,
 In some lone convent, or some peaceful cell.

For what avail'd that thy victorious queen
 Repair'd the ruins of that dreadful day?
 That vanquish'd YORK, on Wakefield's purple green,
 Prostrate amidst the common slaughter lay:

In vain fair Vict'ry beam'd the gladd'ning eye,
 And, waving oft her golden pinions, smil'd;
 Full soon the flatt'ring goddess meant to fly,
 Full rightly deem'd unsteady Fortune's child.

Let Towton's field—but cease the dismal tale:
 For much it's horrors would the muse appall,
 In softer strains suffice it to bewail
 The Patriot's exile, or the Heroe's fall.

Thus silver wharf*, whose crystal-sparkling urn
 Reflects the brilliance of his blooming shore,
 Still, melancholy-mazing, seems to mourn,
 But rolls, confus'd, a crimson wave no more.

* A river near the scene of battle, in which were slain
 35,000 men.



FRAGMENT.

MDCCLXII.

'T WAS on Time's birth-day, when the voice
divine

Wak'd sleeping Nature, while her infant eye,
Yet trembling, struggled with created light;
The heaven-born Muse, sprung from the source sublime
Of HARMONY IMMORTAL, first receiv'd
Her sacred mandate. " Go, seraphic maid,
" Companion still to Nature! from her works
" Derive thy lay melodious, great, like those,
" And elegantly simple. In thy train,
" Glory, and deathless fame and fair renown
" Attendant ever, each immortal name,
" By thee deem'd sacred, to yon starry vault
" Shall bear, and stamp in characters of gold.

" Be thine the care, alone where truth directs
 " The firm heart, where the love of human kind
 " Inflames the patriot spirit, there to soothe
 " The toils of virtue with melodious praise:
 " For those, that smiling seraph bids thee wake
 " His golden lyre; for those, the young-ey'd sun
 " Gilds this fair-form'd world; and genial spring
 " Throws many a green wreath, liberal, from his
 bosom."

So spake the voice divine; the raptur'd Muse
 In strains like these, but nobler, fram'd her lay.

Spirits of ancient time, to high renown
 By martial glory rais'd, and deeds august,
 Atchiev'd for Britain's freedom! Patriot hearts,
 That, fearless of a tyrant's threatening arm,
 Embrac'd your bleeding country! o'er the page,
 Where history triumphs in your holy names,

O'er the dim monuments that mark your graves,
 Why streams my eye with pleasure ?* 'Tis the joy
 The soft delight that thro' the full breast flows,
 From sweet remembrance of departed virtue !

O Britain, parent of illustrious names,
 While o'er thy annals Memory shoots her eye,
 How the heart glows, rapt with high-wondering love,
 And emulous esteem ! Hail, SYDNEY, hail !
 Whether Arcadian blythe, by fountain clear,
 Piping thy love-lays wild, or Spartan bold,
 In freedom's van distinguish'd, SYDNEY, hail !
 Oft o'er thy laurell'd tomb from hands unseen
 Fall flowers ; oft in thy vale of Penshurst fair
 The shepherd wandering from his nightly fold,

* Exultat Animus Maximorum Virorum Memoriam per-
 currens.

VAL. MAX.

Listeneth strange music, by the tiny breath
Of fairy minstrels warbled.

On RALEIGH's grave, O strew the fairest flowers,
That on the bosom of the green vale blow !
There hang your vernal wreaths, ye village-maids !
Ye mountain nymphs, your crowns of wild thyme
bring
To RALEIGH's honour'd grave ! There bloom the bay,
The virgin rose, that, blushing to be seen,
Folds its fair leaves ; for modest worth was his.
A mind where truth, philosophy's first born,
Held her harmonious reign : a Briton's breast,
That, careful still of freedom's holy pledge,
Disdain'd the mean arts of a tyrant's court,
Disdain'd and died ! Where was thy spirit then,
Queen of sea-crowning isles, when RALEIGH bled ?
How well he serv'd thee, let *Iberia* tell !

Ask prostrate *Cates*, yet trembling at his name,
 How well he serv'd thee; when her vanquish'd hand
 Held forth the base bribe, how he spurn'd it from
 him,

And cried, I FIGHT FOR BRITAIN ! History rise,
 And blast the reigns that redden with the blood
 Of those that gave them glory !



The END of the FIRST VOLUME.

